EXALTATIO ALÆ.

THE EX-ALE-TATION OF ALE.

Done into Verse by *T.C.P.*

Anno Dom. 1666.

Nec arte carmen expolire festivum
Didici; Camænis haud faventibus natus:
Nec præpotens vinum dedit, Poetarum
Ut interesse me putem, sacris dignum:
Nec hydromeli, vel Cambriensium, Hyblæo
Generosius, Lymphaque Pegaso nata,
Magis efficax lyræ facit sciens ut sim:
Sed neque adeo sublimis ingens fomes
Alesburia qualem, ac Deorbia princeps,
North-clounaque Rutupina carius vendit
Cervisia me divum inserit Choro natum.

Quid, inquis, ergo, Rhythmicus Poetaster
Ita rudis? an dolosior Lucelli spes
Refulget? aut sequax eduliorum te
Parasitus, huc, misselle, venter instigat?
Horum nihil sane. Sed atra me bilis
Hebetem licet, rudemque semi-paganum
Splenis latenter in fibras mihi repens (tis,
(Qua pruriam, et scripturiam iners, potens ar-
Quasi minxerim in cineres patris, vel Ætnæo
Famosus igne postulem celebrari.)
Offuciis, ineptiisque lactatque
Epistrophisque lusitare titillat.

Quid

NO skill in polite verſe, and mirth;
(The *Muſes* frowned at my birth;)
Nor potent *Sack* hath dub'd my name
With Title of a *Poets* fame,
No *Walſh Metheglin* (nobler far
Than *Hybla's*; and beyond compare
For *Efficacie*, to that Spring
Which roſe where *Pegaſus* took wing.)
Hath tun'd my *Harp*. No; Nappy *Ale*
Wits cordial tipple (good and ſtale)
Such as *Alesburie*, *Darby* cheif
And *North-down* ſells (to Poets greif)
At an high rate) hath rank'd my verſe
Amongſt the *Laureat Choriſters*.
Why then Poor wretch! doſt rhyme & prate?
Is gain the thing thou aymeſt at?
Or doth thy Gutt, that *Paraſite*
Egg thee to dare above thy might?
Nor this; nor that; But *Melancholly*,
Dull as I am, and prone to folly,
Surprizing unaware my ſpleen
(A ſcribling itch I cannot wean;
An artleſſe Art, which drives like mad
To do, what *Reaſon* me forbad;
As vain as he, to get a Name

Quid obvius quod vatibus tabernatim
Qui factitant versus, canunt, bibunt, saltant;
Egone at, Ala symbolumque prægnantem
Sale quem, facetiis, leporibus, nugis
Iisdem facit idem, non reponerem ignavus?
Ala sed enim neque his disertior, vulgus
Qua in bibimus, ingenium reddit redunda- (*tum*
Neque nos asymboli sumus Poetastri,
Ut aurium demus operam et ὀψωνίῳ gratis
Quisquam aut sine talione (sobrius, potus)
Lacessat; impares licet Palæstritæ,
Quin Bromius ut animat, pares reluctemur.
Pari quis enim? quidve impedit referri par?
Id propter & periculum, vel ingratis
Nolens, volens feci, vicem Poetastris
Amusus ut reddam. Poeta qui non est
Ausis tamen, quibus excidit, Poetarum
Assecla potis est, inter, vel instar ut fiat
Pede qui nequit rectus, deambulet κἀζων.

Nec

That leapt into Mount *Ætna's* flame.)
Fraught with the Kick-ſhaw's of our Time,
Hath ſet me thus a gogg to rhyme.

What? when I hear all Taverns ring
With ſuch as club, daunce, rhyme, and ſing;
Should I, whom Ale makes full as wiſe,
In jeſt, and toyes, and fooleries;
Should I alone ſit mute, and ſneak,
While others wits run out and leak?
Their *Ale* is not more eloquent
Then ours, to give their *Muſes* vent:
Nor ſcape we ſhot-free, to be bound
To hear, and plaud their empty ſound;
That ſcribling (whether Wet, or Dry)
They ſhould provoke without reply.
And though upon unequal terms,
Bacchus himſelf ſhall find us Arms
To quit their ſcore. And that's One why
To match theſe Rhymeſters Rhyme, and I
Thus put our ſelves in Jeopardy,
Maugre both *Will*, and *Skill*; and ſo
But play the fool, as Others do.
He that's no Poet, yet may be
For his attempt in ſome degree
Their *Page* or like; and *Hobble* on,
Where feet him fail, as I have done.

EXALTATIO ALÆ.

Nec ſobrius, nec potus, nec utroque remotus,
Conveni ami cum in Ales-buri valle?
Per faciem ſenſit, mi nitus quod meus ſit
Non laudes deterere nobilis Alæ.

Tunc ſic me affatus (ut amplexatus
Meminitque gratus de celebri valle)
Fert animus nuper, Alesburia ſuper
Ediſſerere laudes nobilis Alæ.

Meque alacrem prorſus, ita denique adorſus
Per ſi quid in Alâ ſit Nectarale?
Ut ani mi follem, exuſcitans tollam,
Quæ ſint ad præconia nobilis Alæ?

Non auſim hoc, inquam, ne fortè delinquam,
Nec adeo ingenij ſum preditus ſale:
Et ſunt, qui peccare exiſtimant fari
Quæ ſunt ad præconia nob.lis Alæ.

Sed

THE EX--ALE--TATION OF ALE.

NOt drunken, nor ſober, but neighbour to both,
I met with a friend in Ales-burie vale,
He ſaw by my face, that I was in the caſe
To ſpeak no great harm of a Pot of good Ale.

Then did he me greet, & ſaid ſince we meet,
(And he put me in mind of the name of the Dale)
For Ales-buries ſake, ſome pains I would take
And not bury the praiſe of a Pot of good Ale.

The more to procure me, then did he adjure me,
If the Ale I drank laſt was nappie & ſtale,
To do it its right, and ſtirr up my Sprite
And fall to commend a Pot of good Ale.

Quoth I, to commend it, I dare not begin,
Leſt therein my credit might happen to faile,
For many men now do count it a ſin,
But once to look towards a Pot of good Ale.

Sed flocci non pendo, nil mali offendo;
Nec eſt quod revereor aliquid tale:
Nam credè Roberto, jamdiù experto,
Eſt virtus in medio nobilis Alæ.

Nec tamen eſt ſapor, dulciculus vapor,
Qui placido tendens ad ilia calle
Ventriculum rorat, et gulam adorat,
Fragranti ſalivâ prænobilis Alæ.

Nec blandior Aſpectus, oculis dilectus,
Amæna dum floret in Cyathi valle,
Genis renideſcens, ceu Porrum vireſcens,
Qui color præ aliis eſt nobili Alæ.

Sed animus volo, quem primitùs colo,
Vt ſimul cum corpore ſentiat vale,
Corpuſque animuſque, ut valeant uſque
Acceptum referant nobili Alæ.

Nam anxietas in animi vas,
Aut aliud Cordolium ut repſit letbale,
Nil citiùs medetur, quo cura levetur,
Quam plenior hauſtus nobilis Alæ.

Vidua, mœrorum quæ miſit ad Ditem,
Non cogitat ultra crimen Capitale,
Sed anxia cubat, ni denuò nubat,
Titillatu accenſa prænobilis Alæ.

Perbellus eſt ventus, intuſque relentus,
Calfacit ingenium, citatque vitale,
Ingenium quod viget, nec te tui piget,
Hoc debes ingenio nobilis Alæ.

Nudus

Yet I care not a pin, for I ſee no ſuch ſin.
Nor any thing elſe, my courage to quaile;
For this we do find, that take it in kind,
Much virtue there is in a Pot of good Ale.

And I mean not the taſt, though thereby much grac't,
Nor the merry-go-down, without pull, or hale,
Perfuming the throat, when the ſtomach's a float
With the fragrant ſweet ſcent of a Pot of good Ale.

Nor yet the delight that comes to the ſight,
To ſee how it flow'rs and mantles in graile,
As green as a Leek, with a ſmile in the cheek,
The true Orient colour of a Pot of good Ale.

But, I mean the mind, and the good it doth find,
Not only the body, ſo feeble and fraile,
For body and ſoul, may bleſſe the Black Bowl
Since both are beholden to a Pot of good Ale,

For when heavineſſe, the mind doth oppreſſe
And ſorrow and greif the heart do aſſayle,
No remedy quicker, than to take off your liquor
And to waſh away cares with a Pot of good Ale

The Widdow that buried her husband of late,
Will ſoon have forgotten to weep and to waile,
And think every year twain, till ſhe marrie again,
If ſhe read the contents of a Pot of good Ale.

It is like a Belly-blaſt to a cold Heart,
And warm's and engenders the Spirits Vitale,
To keep them from damage all Sp'rits ow their homage
To the Sp'rit of the Butterie, a Pot of good Ale.

The

Nudus qui degit, haud vestibus eget,
Nec tergа dat frigori (sit Hyemale)
Ventos diffindit, nasoque rescindit,
Iudum Amiculo nobilis Alæ.

Cui nil est Demensi, nil habet et pensi,
Par quamvis edendo sit Clavo trabali;
Nam famis oblitus, simulatque conditus
Prædulci intinctu est nobilis Alæ.

Pauperculus plaudit, & unicè gaudet,
Cui nil est in penu lautum, ac dapale,
Hinc Epulas haurit, hinc Mensam instaurat,
Cum crustâ, cum poculo nobilis Alæ.

Opilio, Sator, Messor, Tribulator,
Hic sæculo potens, hic falce malâ;
Hos cape viritim inteream! sitim
Ni velint extinguere nobili Alâ.

Ferrarius faber, cui ingens labor,
Et follis, cum facie Vulcanali,
Si guttur arescit, mentiri nescit
Quin ædes indigitet nobilis Alæ.

Quicunque negabit, Miscellus laudabit,
Ad claustros mendicans, vinctusque falâ,
Compedibus lætus, et pellitur metus,
Ut guttur immadnit nobili Alâ.

Mendicaque natio, cui sors est Rogatio,
Neque quidquam in tergo, quod pendeat, quale;
Ditior est in pannis, quam Miser, quotannis
Si ansam attigerit nobilis Alæ.

Paupertas

The naked complaines not for want of a Coat,
Nor on the cold weather will once turn his tayle;
All the way as he goes, he cuts the wind with his noſe;
If he but well wrapt in a Pot of good Ale.

The hungry man takes no thought for his meat,
Though his ſtomach could brook a ten-penny naile,
He quite forgets hunger, thinks on it no longer
If he touch but the Sparks of a Pot of good Ale.

The poor man will praiſe it, ſo hath he good cauſe,
That all the year eats neither Partridg, nor Quale,
But ſets up his reſt, and makes up his Feaſt,
With a cruſt of Brown-bread, and a Pot of good Ale.

The Shepheard, the Sower, the Threſher, the Mower,
The one with his ſcythe, the other with his flaile,
Take them out by the Pole, on the perill of my ſoul
All will hold up their hands to a Pot of good Ale,

The Black-ſmith, whoſe bellow's all Summer do blow,
With the fire in his face ſtill, without e're a vaile,
Though his throat be full dry, he will tell you no lie,
But where you may be ſure of a Pot of good Ale.

Who ever denayes it, the Priſoner will praiſe it
That begs at the grate, and lyes in the jayle,
For ever in his ſetter, he thinks himſelf better,
May he get but a two penny Black Pot of Ale.

The Beggar, whoſe portion is alwayes his Prayer,
Not having a tattar to hang on his tayle,
Is as rich in his rags, as the Ghuil in his bags
If he once but ſhake hands with a Pot of good Ale.

It

Paupertas in mente, tunc est pro non Ente,
Jus; crusta, cum perâ, nil materiale;
Quasi pediculus cum sex pedibus
Capriſſat, aculeo nobilis Alæ.

Qui foveas tergit, dum Sol totus vergit,
Aut laſſus arando, reliquit dentale,
Crepabit nil minus, quam Reges, Reginas,
Faſtigium ſi tetigit nobilis Alæ.

Ingenio rudi eſt Cos; et incudi
Quod reddis invitâ ſit Minervâ tale;
Dat bebeti nuper, Lunam per & ſuper,
Spectare a ſpeculâ nobilis Alæ.

Tum ſi quis amatur, interritus fatur.
Ingenio Corydon ante rurali,
Glutinatque ſuavia, crepitatque bravia,
Si priùs occurrerit nobili Alæ.

Hæc tollit Aurigam, ut deſerat trigam,
Res ruſticas orans Rhetorico ſale?
A fronte, a tergo, ſit Aulicus ergo,
Ut ſtylum exercuit nobilis Alæ.

Qui dentes exutus, ſit lingua ſolutus.
Expectorans ſputum, prout Naturale,
Saltabit inanis, ceu in reſte canis,
Fervore ſi caluit nobilis Alæ.

Et Clericus bonus, cui legere eſt onus,
Poſt humidum deſcit qua in radicale,
Literulas leget, ſpecillis haud eget,
Vigorem indutus prænobilis Alæ.

Genæ

It drives his poverty clean out of mind,
Forgetting his Brown-bread, his Wallet, and Male,
He walks in the houſe, like a ſix footed Louſe,
If he once be enricht with a Pot of good Ale.

And he that doth dig in the ditches all day,
And wearies himſelf quite at the Plough-tayle,
Will ſpeak no leſſe things, than of Queens, & of Kings,
If he touch but the top of a Pot of good Ale.

It is like a Whet-ſtone to a blunt wit,
And makes a ſupply where Nature doth faile;
The dulleſt wit ſoon, will look quite through the Moon,
If his Temples be wet with a Pot of good Ale,

Then Dick to his Darling full boldly dare ſpeak,
Though before (ſilly fellow!) his courage did quaile;
He gives her the ſmouch, with his hand on his pouch
If he meet by the way with a Pot of good Ale.

And it makes the Carter, a Courtier ſtraight-way;
With Rhetorical termes he will tell his tale,
With courteſies great ſtore, and his Cap up before,
Being ſchool'd but a little with a Pot of good Ale.

The old man, whoſe tongue wags faſter than his teeth,
(For old age by Nature doth drivel and drayle,)
Will frig, and will fling, like a Dog in a ſtring,
If he warm his cold blood with a Pot of good Ale.

And the good old Clerk, whoſe ſight waxeth dark,
And ever he thinks the Print is too ſmall;
He will ſee every letter and ſay Service better
If he glaze but his eies with a Pot of good Ale.

The

Genæ et maxillæ reddant laudes mille,
Pallidulæ quamvis, & cute nivali,
Hâc namque colorem rosis pulchriorem
Imbuit is tinctura dat nobilis Alæ.

Viden' Antagonistis, miserisque Sophistis,
Ut ægræ appareni, strigosæque malæ?
Ut buccæ flaccescunt, spiritusque vanescunt
Alienant qui animos nobili Alæ.

Et postquam est Byna, capitis Inquilina,
Me posse nunc videor Enthusiasmo tali,
Quot commoda terræ, tot cuncta referre
Accepta virtutibus nobilis Alæ.

Hâc perperam usus, de Musis paramusus:
Quæ cantitant instar Philomelæ,
Melodiâ gratâ, larynge roratâ,
Pegaseio fonte prænobilis Alæ.

Et fidicen gnarus (fide, ceu voce rarus)
Ad summum ascendit hâc, Musicæ scalæ:
Maceratque pulmonem, superatque Spadonem,
Cantherium inscendens nobilis Alæ.

Poeta divinus, vino peregrinus,
Quia non est in loculis aliquid tale,
Sublimia pangit, & sidera tangit,
Incessit quem ☿, ☽ & ☉ nobilis Alæ.

Quis lirico sono, par ELDERTONO *?*
Qui lepidè lusit, & Musico sale,
Velisque expansis; prius tamen ansis
Arrepto Carchesio nobilis Alæ.

Sed

The Cheeks, and the Jaw's to commend it have cauſe,
For where they were late, but even wan and pale,
They will get them a Colour, no Crimſon is fuller,
By the true Dy, and tincture of a Pot of good Ale.

Mark her enemies, tho they think themſelv's wiſe,
How meager they look, with how low a waile,
How their cheeks do fall without Sp'rits at all
That alien their minds from a Pot of good Ale.

And now that the Grain's do work in my Brain's,
Me-thinks I were able to give by retale,
Commodities ſtore, a dozen and more,
That flow to Man-kind from a Pot of good Ale.

The Muſes would muſe, any ſhould it miſuſe,
For it makes them to ſing like a Nightingale,
With a lofty trim note, having waſhed their throat
With the Cabaline Spring of a Pot of good Ale.

And the Muſician, of any condition,
It will make him reach to the top of his Scale,
It will clear his pipes, and moiſten his Lights
If he drink *alternatim* a Pot of good Ale.

The Poet divine, that cannot reach Wine,
Becauſe that his mony doth many times faile,
Will hit on the vein, to make a good ſtrein,
If he be but inſpir'd with a Pot of good Ale.

For Ballads, ELDERTON never had Peer,
How went his wit in them, with how merry a gale,
And with all the ſails up, had he been at the Cup,
And waſhed his beard with a Pot of good Ale.

And

Sed nec otiosa, dicatur in Prosâ,
Nam genium exacuit stylo florali,
Et lingua Culullis fit Ocyor Pullis,
Cum fluat a flumine nobilis Alæ.

Et Philosophorum, si quis bibit horum,
In siliquis Nemo dat operam malè,
Sed nucleum rimatur, & Philosophatur,
Ad imum, et fundum prænobilis Alæ.

Sit Oxonienſis, da sexdecim menſis,
Et Circopithecus, dic probet, quod tale;
Sexdecies inventum, melius argumentum
Dat hauſtus a Botley, *prænobilis Alæ.*

Ingenium fovet, linguam proque movet.
Virtutem exauget, quantum ad Morale;
Tum nequis gravetur, si paucis laudetur
Morale quod ſpectat prænobilis Alæ.

Eccleſiæ prodeſt (Pietatis quod eſt)
Aut noſtri Majores fecerunt malè,
Qui ubique locorum, propter Ædem Sanctorum
Dicaverint ædes prænobili Alæ.

Verum nunc (perhibetur) Lupulata foveitur;
Infandum! nefas tolerari tale;
Nam cum lupulatâ, primum Hæreſis nata,
Catholicum Nectar eſt nobilis Alæ.

Quid debeant Templa, ſunt publicè exempla,
Nam ubi ruinam dant, aut quid fatale,
Paganalia ſtatim, reficiunt vicatim;
Quod ſunt ſarta tecta, dent nobili Alæ.

Hanc

And the power of it ſhew's no leſſe in Proſe,
It will file ones phraſe, and ſet forth his tale,
Fill him but a Bowle, it wil make his tongue trole
For flowing ſpeech flowes from a Pot of good Ale,

And Maſter Philoſopher, if he drink his part,
Will not trifle his time in the huſk, or the ſhale,
But go to the Kernell, by the depth of his Art:
To be found in the bottom of a Pot of good Ale,

Give a Scholar of Oxford a Pot of ſixteen;
And put him to prove that an Ape hath no tayle,
And ſixteen times better his wit wil be ſeen,
If you fetch him from *Botley* a Pot of good Ale.

Thus it helps ſpeech and wit: And it hurts not a whitt
But rather doth further the Virtues Morale;
Then think it not much, if a little I touch
The good Morall-parts of a Pot of good Ale.

To the Church and Religion it is a good freind,
Or elſe our Fore-fathers, their wiſdom did faile,
That at every mile, next to the Church-ſtile
Set a Conſecrate houſe to a pot of good Ale.

But now (as they ſay) Beer bears it away;
The more is the pity, if Right might prevail,
Forth with the ſame Beer, came up Hereſie here,
The old Catholique Drink, is a Pot of good Ale.

The Churches much ow, as we all do know;
For when they be drooping, and ready to fall,
By a Whitſon, or Church-ale, up again they ſhall go,
And ow their repairing to a Pot of good Ale.

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Tum nequis gravetur, si paucis laudetur
Morale quod spectat prænobilis Alæ.

Ecclesiæ prodest (Pietatis quod est)
Aut nostri Majores fecerunt malè,
Qui ubique locorum, propter Ædem Sanctorum
Dicaverint ædes prænobili Alæ.

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Hanc Veritas ducem, quâ prodit in lucem
Agnoscit: Arcanaque facit hæc palàm;
Qui bibunt, loquentur, quæ siccis tacentur,
In fundo est Veritas. Nobilem Alam!

Iustitiæ Amicam hanc meritò dicam,
Mensuris, & numeris quæ dat æquale:
Numeri & mensuræ, Iusticolis curæ,
Et hoc ad præconia nobilis Alæ.

In proximo tendit, quod Martem accendit;
Qui metuit animal haud cubitale,
Iurabit, & ringet, gladiolum stringet
Armatus ab animo nobilis Alæ.

Habet Milites Illa, Magnates è villâ,
Quibus nec lorica, nec sit lorale;
Sed Scyphis ad morem pugnant Centaurorum,
Armigeri fortes prænobilis Alæ.

Tum siquis deliret, Hæc mentem inspirat,
Materiam & verba ne digerat malè,
Dat ore rotundo, salibusque fœcundo
Assessor ut prodeat nobilis Alæ

Aut si quis Mercator, lucri sit Venator,
Emendo, vendendo quod est venale,
Quo lutum vitetur, ad focum stipuletur,
Teste sigillo prænobilis Alæ.

Sed fateor quidem, haud sobrium idem,
(Nam ardua res est, dicere V A L E*)*
Simulac potabit, sibi temperabit,
Quæ sunt leocinia nobilis Alæ.

Truth will do it right, it brings Truth to light,
And many bad matters it helps to revaile;
For they that will drink, will ſpeak what they think,
Tom-tell-troth lyes hid in a Pot of good Ale.

It is Iuſtices friend, ſhe will it commend,
For all is here ſerv'd by meaſure and tale;
Now true tale, and good Meaſure, are Iuſtices treaſure,
And much to the praiſe of a Pot of good Ale.

And next I alledg, it is Fortitudes edg;
For a very Coward that ſhrinks like a ſnayle,
Will ſwear and will ſwagger, and out goes his dagger,
If he be but arm'd with a Pot of good Ale.

Yea, ALE hath her Knights, and Squires of degree,
That never wore Corſlet, nor yet ſhirt of Male,
But have fought their fights all, twixt the pot & the wall,
When once they were dubd with a Pot of good Ale.

And (ſure) it will make a man ſuddenly wiſe,
Ere-while was ſcarce able to tell a right tale;
It will open his jaw, he will tell you the Law,
As made a Right Bencher of a Pot of good Ale.

Or he that will make a bargain to gain,
In buying, or ſetting his goods forth to ſale,
Muſt not plod in the mire, but ſit by the fire
And ſeal up his match with a Pot of good Ale.

But for Soberneſs, needs muſt I confeſs
The matter goes hard; and few do prevaile
Not to goe to deep, but temper to keep:
Such is the Attractive of a Pot of good Ale.

Est tamen in fatis, quod compensat satis,
Et rectâ tendit ad placidum quale;
Quàm bibas enormis, tàm altum dormis,
Sic mali nil inest prænobili Alæ.

Qui cespitant, labant, aut fortè si cadant,
Resurgere licet adminiculo Pali,
Qui aquâ merguntur, non sic moriuntur,
Quod fatum donatum est nobili Alæ.

Si more bibentûm, ad jurgia ventum:
Ne metuas Classicum fore mortale;
Si eò titillet, ut nasus distillet,
Restituet gratiam nobilis Ala.

Favet huic medicamen, nec injuria tamen,
Horrens Lupulatam, ceu quid Lethale;
Per hanc reddit vitam, domatim quæsitam,
Et primas ascribit nobili Alæ.

Alamenta, sorbilla, posræque cum illâ.
Quam recens Oxygalam præbet mulctrale,
Multis numeratis, nullum lupulatis
Miscetur, sed poculo nobilis Alæ.

Neque hæc mala verba; Lupulus mala herba,
Trans ad nos portata, jus contra Regale;
Lex, O si servetur! Hæc ne misceretur
Ut cuncti participent nobilis Alæ.

Lex nempe non mala, fovet ALAM sub Alâ
Nam in qualibet Curia, jus quâ Legale
Serenissimo Regi, solet Cognitor legi,
A poculis Cognitor nobilis Alæ.

But her's an amends, which will makes all friends,
And ever doth tend to the beſt availe,
If you take it too deep, it will make you but ſleep;
So comes no great harm of a Pot of good Ale.

If (reeling) they happen to fall to the ground,
The fall is not great, they may hold by the Raile;
If into the water, they cannot be drown'd,
For that gift is given to a Pot of good Ale.

If drinking about they chance to fall out;
Fear not the Alarm, tho fleſh be but fraile; (noſe,
It will prove but ſome blowes, or at moſt a bloody-
And friends again ſtrait, with a Pot of good Ale.

And Phiſick will favour ALE, as it is bound,
And be againſt Beer, both tooth and nayle;
They ſend up and down all over the Town
To get for their Patients a Pot of good Ale.

Their Ale-berries, Cawdels, and Poſſets each one,
And Syllabubs made at the Milking-Pale,
Although they be many, Beer comes not in any,
But all are compoſ'd with a Pot of good Ale.

And in very deed, the Hop's but a weed,
Brought o're againſt Law, and here ſet to ſale,
Would the Law were remov'd and no more Beer brewd
But all good men betake them to a Pot of good Ale.

The Law, that will take it under her Wing,
For at every Law-day, or Moot of the Hale,
One is ſworn to ſerve our Soveraign the King,
In the ancient Office of a Conner of Ale.

There

Quis Dominus ille prædiorum, aut villæ?
Quæ mari, quæ terrâ, quæ monte, quæ valle,
Qui non æquum censet, Coronæ ut penset
Jus, & mensuram prænobilis Alæ

Superior edicta dat Curia stricta
Jus prohibens, infra quod sit, Curiale:
Alæ tamen favet, nullique negavit
Quin Curiam adeat nobilis Alæ

Res-publica multis est in ore stultis:
Sed ab Hispale vinum, & Burdigalâ
Si minus vehatur, tum demum sciatur,
Quod Publica res, hæc nobilis Ala,

Qui ALÆ assuescunt, bibuli quiescunt,
Et Rei nil student Publicæ mali,
Non sunt Perduelles, flammæque rebelles
Solato, quod biberint nobilis Alæ.

CAMBIVIO detur, quod laudis meretur,
Qui excogitavit (si Credimus Walæ)
Hoc fœlix inventum, ter fenies centum
Annis ante Christum, prænobilis Alæ.

Sed ille Gentilis, & ALAtum vilis; (LEt
Quid CHRISTUS ut mundo jam dixit VA-
Don davy ne pipit lupulatam ut fiſit,
Sed tot Cwwywwbibley pot nobilis Alæ.

Qui Borcam colunt, super omnia tolluni,
(Quâ rivulus quisque dat nomina Valli.)
Et senes ubivis, sunt illic in vivis,
Qui Nectar haud norunt, nisi nobilis Alæ.

Pistrient

There is never a Lord of Mannour, or of Town,
By Strand or by Land, by Hill, or by Dale,
But thinks it a Franchiſe, and a Flower of the Crown,
To hold the aſſiſe of a Pot of good Ale.

And though there lie writs from the Courts Para-(mount,
To ſtay the proceedings of the Court Paravaile;
Law favours it ſo, you may come, you may goe,
There lies no Prohibition to a Pot of good Ale.

They talk much of State, both early and late; (faile,
But if Gaſcoign, and Spain, their wine ſhould hur,
No remedy then, with us Engliſh-men,
But the State, it muſt ſtand by a pot of good Ale.

And they that ſit by it, are good men and quiet,
No dangerous Plotters in the Common-weale;
Of Treaſon, or Murder, For they never go further,
Then to call for, and pay for a Pot of good Ale.

To the praiſe of CAMBIVIUS, that good *Britiſh* King,
That deviſd for his Nation, (by the Welchmans tale)
Seventeen hundred years before CHRIST did ſpring,
The happy invention of a Pot of good Ale.

But he was a Paynim, and ALE then vvas rife,
Yet after CHRIST came, and bid us all haile,
St. Taphie tid never trink Peer in her liſe,
But all Cwvrwwhibley a Pot of good Ale.

The North, they will praiſe it, and praiſe it with paſſion,
(Where every River gives name to a Dale)
There men are yet living, that are of th'old faſhion,
No Nectar they knew but a Pot of good Ale.

The

Pictique, Scotique, pugnabant utrique,
Tam abditum fuerat hoc in penetrali;
Sed funditùs Picti, a Scotis devicti,
Quod artem celabant hos Hetheræale.

Verùm hac sit, an illac, tu prorsus nil fac;
Oportet haberi; non vivitur Kala; (nocks,
Nam nec Haverhannocks, sed nec Haverjan-
Quod Scotis in votis est, nobilis Ala.

Nec inficiabor, (foret irritus labor)
Quod multi hinc dixerint ultimum VALE;
Da poculum ori, quàm dulce est MORI,
Decoris a spiculis nobilis Alæ.

Innocuis tamen, hoc esto solamen,
Consciscit quod suum sibi quisque fatale:
Nam peccat, nec Byna, vetulave divinæ,
Si potus quis potu sit nobilis Alæ.

Quot morte affectet, hic si quis objectet;
Sit memor et quibus est Medicinale;
Lupulata necantur, qui ALA sanantur,
Quæ salubris virtus est nobilis Alæ.

Sed longè hoc a re MORTEM nominare,
Convitia nolim ingerere mala,
Quamvis Lupulata sit lupis enata;
Bonumque sit omen prænobilis Alæ

Hoc multis compertum, et exitio certum,
(Archiva ni fallant) exemplo pænali;
Nam pendulus mox fit, qui lupulum coxit,
Lupulatam expertus, quod amarior Ala.

ALAM

The Picts, and the Scots, for ALE were at Lots,
So high was the skill, and so kept under seal;
The Picts were undone, slain each mothers son,
For not teaching the Scots to make Hether-ale.

But hither, or thither, it skills not much whether;
For drink must be had, men live not by Keal,
Nor by Havorhannocks, nor by Havor-jannocks,
The thing the SCOTS live on, is a Pot of good Ale,

Now, if you will say it, I will not denay it,
That many a man it brings to his bale;
Yet what fairer end, can one wish to his friend,
Than to die by the dart of a Pot of good Ale?

Yet let not the innocent bear any blame,
It is their own doings to break o're the pale;
And neither the Mault, nor the Good-wife in fault,
If any be potted with a Pot of good Ale

They tell whom it kills, but say not a word,
How many a man lives both sound and hale,
Tho he drink no Beer any day in the year,
By the Radicall humour of a Pot of good Ale.

But to speak of killing, that am I not willing,
For that in a manner were but to raile;
But Beer hath its name, cause it brings to the Buyer
Therefore well-fare say I to a Pot of good Ale.

Too many (I wis) with their deaths proved this;
And therefore (if ancient Records do not faile) (E,
He that first brew'd the HOP, was rewarded with a ROP-
And found his Beer far more bitter than Ale.

O ALE

ALAM ab alendo, vitalem defendo;
Balanæ si foret nunc os mihi quale!
Nam parvulum est mi, nec tantillulum qui
Præconia prædicem nobilis Alæ.

Animus tamen fallit, qui paucula callet,
Ni dixerim nil, ut durat malè:
Sed propter bibendum numerato solvendum,
Hoc unicum onus est nobilis Alæ.

Tunc Vir ille bonus; Hoc mi erit Onus,
Fecisti tu satis; Dicendum jam Vale;
Sex calices addam, Obæratus si cadam,
Ut præstem præconia nobilis Alæ.

EPI-

O ALE ab alendo, thou liquor of LIFE!
That I had but a mouth as big as a Whale!
For mine is too little, to touch the leaſt tittle,
That belongs to the praiſe of a Pot of good Ale.

Thus (I trow) ſome virtues I have markt you out;
And never a Vice in all this long traile,
But that after the Pot, there cometh a *Shot*,
And thats the on'ly blot of a Pot of good Ale.

With that my friend ſayd, That blot I will bear;
You have done very well, it is time to ſtrike ſaile;
Wee'l have ſix pots more, tho I die on the ſcore,
To make all this good of a Pot of good Ale.

THE

EPILOGVS.

PAr pari dicit coeat: Latin a
Barbaco sed munia civitatis
Potui quis donet, ut inde fiat
Nobilis Ala?

Hæc pedi, ventri, laterique dives
Cuncta pleno suppeditare cornu
Quæ potest, annon meritó vocetur
Nobilis Ala?

Fare, sodes, Heluo, quisquis extrà
Quisquis intrà vis tibi quod voluptas:
Hæc utrobique tibi namque præstat
Nobilis Ala.

Est Solæcismus; nec enim negabo:
Et Poetastris ita Βαρβαρίζειν
Vsus est, interdum opus et Poetis
Nobilis Ala.
Nam πότης juxta sonat, at ποιητὴς
Et celebre est πῖθι τὸ Græculorum,
Nempe fons quem Pegasus excavavit,
Nobilis Ala.

Gratiarum

THE EPILOGUE.

OF like to like, none but allow.
But ALE which Rome did never know,
How comes it to be Latin now,
And Noble Ale?

What back, and bellie doth adorn,
And with a full and merry Horn
Yeelds all things that may ſerve our turn,
Is Noble Ale.

Thou that art full up to the chin;
And thou that wear'ſt a ſhining ſkin;
ALE cauſes both (without, within)
Say, tis Noble Ale.

But ALE'S not Latin: who denyes?
Rhymeſters are wont to Barbarize,
And Poets need to glaze their eies,
With Noble Ale.

Poet, and Pot ſound much at one;
This to the ancient Greeks was known,
For that Hors-pond in Helicon
Was Noble Ale.

Would'ſt

Gratiarum chorus, & Minerva
Quo beri, Liber simul, & Camœnæ,
Par pari fac sit coeat, Poetæ
Nobilis Ala.

Nobilem tu quam titulis honestis
Nobilem te dat salibus jococis,
Mutuò sic nobilis ipse, & ipsa
Nobilis Ala.

Nec Poetastri tamen inficeti
Sunt; neque ALA non duce tu Poeta-
Ster potes quondam fieri; facetus est
Nobilis Ala.

Fac Poetastris igitur suaque
ALA quas de te meruit, suasque
Gratus ut laudes tribuas Patronus
Nobilis Ala.

FINIS.

Would'ſt have the Graces, Muſes nine,
Pallas, & Bacchus God of wine
Be-friend thee? Pot and Poet joyn
With Noble Ale.

Title ALE noble, as tis fit,
For that ennobles thee with wit,
So both are noble, thou, and it
Is Noble Ale.

Hence Rhymeſters get a lick ſometime,
And ALE will make of thee a Rhyme-
Ster too; facetious and whym
Is Noble Ale.

To Rhymeſters therefore give ſome praiſe,
To me, as it deſerv's alwayes,
And be a patron all thy dayes
To Noble Ale.

THE END.

ALE Æle-vated.

When the Chill Chirocco *blows,*
And Winter tells a heavy Tale;
When Pyes, and Dawes, and Rooks, and Crows
Do sit and curse the Frosts and Snows,
Then give us ALE

ALE *in a* Saxon *Rumkin then,*
Such as will make Grim Malkin prate;
Bids Valour Burgen in Tall men;
Quickens the Poets Wit and Pen;
Despiseth Fate.

ALE *which the absent Battle sights;*
That formes the March of Swedish *Drums,*
Disputes the Princes Laws and Rights;
What's done, and past, tells mortall Wights,
And what's to come.

ALE *that the Plough-mans heart up keeps,*
And equals it to Tyrants Thrones;
That wipes the eye, which over-weeps
And lulls in sweet and dainty sleeps
Their weary Bones.

Grand-child of Ceres, *Barley's Daughter,*
Vines Emulous Neighbour (if but Pale)
Ennobling all the Nymphs of th' Water,
And filling each Mans heart with laughter.
Ah! Give me ALE.

FINIS.

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